Tuesday

Coutard comes to lunch. Slightly bloated; very much the "just back from America'* look. I shall not help Gerard to detach himself from him. It will come by itself, and the movements of Gerard's vanity would lose some of their interest for me if I pulled the strings.

Immediately after lunch I rush to meet Gheon at the Monet exhibition. Together we go to the Societe Nouvelle[1S] to see Copeau.

(Amazing bust by Rodin.) At the Salon des Independants we discover in the crowd Gamier, Mourey, Gu6rin, Rouart; and Rette, utterly drunk, staggering about supported by a very young man, shouting my name from one end to the other of a large gallery, who says: "I am a bit drunk/* and belches in your face. Verlaine drunk was *tremendous.* Drunk, Rette seems more insignificant than ever; he is merely revolting; no one pays any attention to him.

Saw nothing but very ordinary things. But how can one listen, caught in that ignorant throng? How can one loyally give one's attention to anything? Vauxcelles's article that was being sold at the entrance is idiotic.

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March

Impossible not to go to the Louvre today. For the past week this has been an unsatisfied need. And I was angry with myself because at first the Poussins seemed to me dull. It wasn't until I saw them *again,* after going all around the gallery, that they lighted up. I admire that sort of awkwardness, of heaviness in the execution. No manual dexterity; no dash; in no other artist perhaps has the head so completely dominated the craft.

On my way out I stop in front of two paintings by Jean Boulogne called Valentin (1591? to 1634?). I must see them again.

The *Judgment of Solomon* is an amost pathetic work and one of the most disconcerting I know.

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March

Patiently I am making progress in the *"Apologie de Raymond de Sebonde"™*

Certainly the *secret aim* of mythology was to prevent the development of science.

[18] A Belgian literary review by this name was published at the time in Mons; it may have had an office in Paris or this may refer to some **Soci6t6 Nouvelle des Artistes D6corateurs.[M]

[19] "The Apology of Raymond Sebond" (as the title is generally given) forms chapter twelve of the second book of Montaigne's *Essays.* As the most coherent statement of Montaigne's skepticism, it stands at the center of the edition of 1580.